OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 17. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, March 21, 1912. Number 50.

His Voice.

His voice is in the summer breeze that blows
His voice is in the gale that tells of snows:
And as we walk beside old ocean's shore,
We hear him speaking in each billows' roar.

His voice whispers in the scent of flowers,
In hnsh of eventide, in drowsy hours.
All through my busy day's that voice I hear,
"To me be true, and thou hast naught to fear."

To hear his voice along life's broad highway,
To feel his guiding hand, from day to day
Is but an earnest of the glory land
That lies beyond our present storm toss'd strand.

Wm. Laurie Hill.
Barium Springs, N. C.

Our Daily Bread.

By Evelyn Orchard.

It is not much to ask, but to some it is denied. No food had crossed Jane Barratt's lips for twenty-four hours. She was a person it was difficult for the charitable to reach, because, though she could starve in secret she could not speak of her poverty to others. Hers was a common story. so common and so drab and uninteresting that it is apt to be passed by in a world eager for sensations even in its charitable pursuits. Jane was one of five daughters of a professional man, who in the good old-fashioned way brought up his daughters to be ladies, as the term went then, and left them without a penny on which to support their ladyhood. They became units in the great sad world of the unskilled, and passed through all the sickening and searing experiences of that undesirable state. The story of the five sisters would make a poignant book, though it would be a sad one. our immediate concern, however, is with the deliverance of Jane, at a crisis in her affairs that had become acute.

She was occupying a very small attic chamber in the roof of a tenement house in one of the poorest of St. Pancras streets. She clung to North London, because it was there her father had carried on a fairly sucessful law practice, and her nature was not of the enterprising kind.

She had passed through all the gradations of the unskilled woman who essays to earn her meagre living by teaching. But now she was fifty-three, and grey-haired and shabby and dejected, nobody could consider her as a suitable instructress of youth. She occasionally earned a few precarious shillings by fine needlework, and she had just heard that her last patron, a well-to-do widow in Kentish Town who had occasionally employ ed her, had died with astonishing suddenness after a hearty meal. A hearty meal was a luxury Jane had not enjoyed for many weary months. A bloater or a doubtfnl sausage and a cup of tea had been her chief snbsistence;lately the aforenamed relishes had been conspicuous by their absence. She had just returned after her two-mile walk from the extreme end of Kentish Town where it bordered the more aristocratic Highgate and she was feeling so faint that her fingers trembled visibly as she fitted her well-worn latch-key in the door. It was a March day of particularly violent and aggressive mood. A thin, elderly woman poorly clad and empty of food, is not well equipped for a tussle with the mad March wind in its merry mood. When she had closed the door she staggered towards the bed now destitute of all covering save an old shawl, and laid herself down upon it. She was so tired that. if she could only just fall asleep and never wake again she would have been thankful with a great thankfulness. When the body is starved and cheated the mind quickly allows suit and of late Jane had been conscious of a growing dulness of her mental energies which had troubled her a good deal. But as she lay there inert and still, she pictured in front of her with extraordinary vividness the casual ward, the long vista of beds in the Workhouse Infirmary, the pauper's grave. It was all that was left to her now unless death could come to her just there and then to make an end of her case.

She had no fear of a future in which she neither believed or disbelieved, Once she had been a church-goer and church-worker but there are some experiences that religion finds it difficult to survive. Jane's religion, if not altogether extinguisheb had ceased to be of theactive order. She was simply quiescent and had ceased even to cavil or to wonder at the hardness of her lot, She was pursued by the words she had seen on a headline of an evening paper, "A full meal" It conjured up visions of a well, spread table, smoking viands-warm fires, and all the happy commerce of family life. She was outside of all these; God had apparently forgotten her on earth.

She just wondered, as she closed her tired eyes, whetherHe would remember her in Heaven, She seemed to dose after a bit pursued by visions of light and beauty that would never have realisation on earth when her dulled faculties were stirred by some unusual noise at the door. It was a knocking an imperative knocking which demanded instant attention. She pulled herself up straightened hair withher hands and pulling her jacket closer over her thin chest stepped across the floor and opened the door very gingerly about three inches. A man stood on the landing without, a young man of burly appearance with a ruddy kindly face.

"I'm seekin a party of the name of Barratt—Miss Jane Barratt. Happen to know her, Miss?"

"I'm Jane Barratt," she answered, and held open the door, the forgotten courtesies of life for which she had so long had little ueed return to her naturally. The man stepped across the threshold regarding her pitifully, and his glance as it swept the bare room where there was neither fire nor furniture, was full of compassion. He was a young man, not more than thirty, and had the prosperous well-to-do air of the man who has found a secure niche in the world of men and business and is well satisfied with himself

"My name is Wilcox, miss. I'm the nephew of the late Mrs. Wilcox, of Sunbury Road, Kentish Town."

A faint flicker of something—was it regret, or interest, or hope?— crossed Miss Jane Barratt's colourless face.

"I am very sorry she is gone," she said quietly. "I wish I could ask you to sit down; but there is only the bed. I am very poor."

She spoke the necessary explanation quietly, without change or even vibration in her voice, yet there was something about her, some hint or remnant of the old dignity which moved Wilcox mightily.

"I am very sorry," he said respectfully. "And at the same time glad of the errand which has brought me to-day. I am Mrs. Wilcox's sole executor."

"Executor!" repeated Jane Barratt, as if only dimly comprehending. On the vague recesses of her memory the word seemed to beat with a familiar sound.

"I am responsible for winding up her estate," said the stranger in an ex planatory voice. ',She has left all she possessed to me, with the exception of a legacy to you."

"A legacy to me!" repeated Jane, and groped out as if she felt the need of some support.

"A legacy which, properly invested, will bring you in fifty pounds a year. The terms of her will refer very kindly to you, and her directions to me about the legacy are most explicit. She even mentions the nature of the investment she wishes me to make for you, and I am here today to receive your instructions."

Jane Barratt, with one thin blue hand pressed against her side, looked at him with eyes which even yet did not seem fully to comprehend. When she spoke her voice was most pitifully shrill and eager.

"I don't know that I quite understand. You see, I have been so long out of touch with everything of the kind, though my father was a well-known lawyer in this neighbourhood. Do I understand you to say that Mrs. Wilcox, who was so kind to me in life, has left me a sum of money?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds to be invested for you in stock which she herself has been careful to specify," repeated the stranger clearly and patiently. "So invested it will bring you in fifty poudds a year, one pound a week, and we can very easily put ourselves in a position to begin paying it at once."

The last sentence was forced from him by the extreme poverty of the place, and the haunting eagerness of the woman's eyes. Never had Percy Wilcox been more pitifully shocked and pained. Poverty he had frequently come in contact with, but not this particular brand. It never afterwards quite faded from his remembrance.

"A pound a week paid regularly, and beginning now!" repeated Jane Barratt; then all her strength and courage seemed suddenly to leave her, and she slipped, a small, inert heap, on the bare floor, and for a moment Percy Wilcox stood looking down at her helplessly, wholly at a loss. But immediately he called to the landlady, and from her learned the few brief, heart-moving facts.

"A reel lidy, if ever there was one, sir," she said pitifully. "So civil-spoken an' so quiet, a-slippin' abart and givin' trouble to nobody. She's been a-gittin' porer an' porer, and jes lately she 'asn't 'ad enuff to eat. Rent, yus, she owes me fur five weeks, but I ain't 'ad the heart to put 'er hout, though a widder meself, an' 'ardly able to mike hends meet."

When Jane Barratt came to herself she was alone with the landlady in the room; but its aspect seemed to have changed. A bright fire was burning in it, and some chairs and a table had been brought from somewhere. On the latter stood a tray with tea, and a plate of buttered toast.

Jane asked no question save one. "Had a strange gentleman really called, and had he said anything when he went away?"

"Said as 'ow 'e 'ad gone to fetch his wife, miss," said the good Mrs. Wortle, "Jes drink a drop o' tea, and lie still till she comes, there's a dear."

Jane did as requested, because she was physically incapable of anything else. But when Percy Wilcox and his kindly North-country wife came back in a cab about an hour later, a little colour had stolen into her face and she was able to meet them with a faint smile of welcome.

"It sounds too good to be true," she said simply, as they stood over her with kindly looks and words. "Don't mind me if I cry a little bit, you see, it was allso hopeless and I was very weak. I hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday morning, and then it was only a scrap of bread and butter."

"You poor thing!" said Grace Wilcox, sitting down on the front of the bed. "But hadn't you anybody in the world you could go to in such straits?"

"Nobody in the world except God, but I suppose He got tired of hearing the same thing over and over. Just lately I could only ask for daily bread, and when that didn't come at the last I'sort of gave up, don't you know, and prayed for death."

"I don't wonder—and yet to think of the riches of London, Percy, and all the kind hearts in it," said the hapy young wife in the same pitiful voice.

"You're right, said Percy gruffly. "Well, Miss Barratt, you'll just come back to Sunbury Road with us. There will be a lot to do in my aunts's house, and it is big enough for us all. I shall have to leave my wife tomorrow, anyway, as my business is in the country, and it will be a good thing for her to have somebody to talk to. Besides, it will be as well for you to be at hand when we are arranging your little investment.

Jane Barratt made no demur. She was too weak to protest, even if she had desired it. She was only too glad to be taken care of, and to go out from the old life of sordid misery and desolation into a better place. Only one fact loomed large and luminous before her horizon. She would no longer have to pray for her daily bread. As far as human wisdom and kindness could secure it, for the rest of her life her bread and water would be sure.

World-Wide Growth of Democracy

Even the most cursory observer of events cannot fail to be impressed by the world-wide character of the present movement toward democracy in government. In our own country the principle that the people should rule is granted, nay, is upheld, by every party and faction in politics. Here the trend toward a greater actual democracy is to be found in the demand for more direct means of asserting the popular control.

The direct primary, that was generally adopted in the Southern, states twenty years ago, so far as local officers were concerned, that later spread over the West and now is being acclimated in the East, is for the first time a factor in the naming of presidential candidates.

There are some weighty objections to the primary as it is now conducted, but in those states where it has been adopted the bulk of opinion favors the removal of these objections by reform rather than by abolition of the primary.

But the full force of this trend is not realized until one looks abroad.

The German general elections have returned the Socialists to the federal parliament the most numerous of any one party group. In Great Britain the government is putting forward measures to give home rule to Ireland and to abolish the plural voting of landlord in England and Scotland. In Sweden the king from the throne announces a purpose to extend the suffrage.

German Socialists propose a program that would not be termed socialistic in this country, eqcept in some of its minor phases. It includes the abolition of plural voting, the entire responsibility of the ministry to the parliament and reform of the taxation laws.

These things are merely what England won under Liberalism. They are, in essentials, what Americans have won under the banners of Republicanism and Democracy. They are what Canada and Austraila call Imperialism. The name matters not, the thing is Democracy.

More than all of these things, however, is the great unrest in Asia—the last refuge of autocracy.

The rapid growth of the Republican revolution in China astonished the whole world, nobody more than the Chinese themselves. It was only a few weeks from the inception of the armed movements until the Manchu Imperialists and the Chinese republicans were conferring under the protection of an armistie, and conferring about what? The details of a plan to leave the whole question at issue to the voice of the people! That they did not agree on terms is beside the question—both recognized that in the people rested the final power to decide.

At the same time in Japan, where intense patriotism has vested the monarch with more power than he granted to the people by his vouchsafed constitution, there is a powerful party in parliament insisting upon immediate recognition of the Chinese Republic.

The pitiful efforts af the Persians to establish an autonomous constitutional government, as well as King George's deference to the Indian democrarcy in the reunion of the divided province of Bengal and the removal of the capital to Delhi, show that all Asia is marching in the same direction.

Trying to Please All

"I think," said Mrs. Small, "the most difficult part of a housekeeper's duties is that of trying to please the different members of a household."

"With regard to what?" asked Mrs. Baker.

"Oh, everything. Two of my children like griddle cakes and despise doughnuts. The other two are extremly fond of doughnuts and won't touch griddle cakes. As a result I feel that in order to give satisfaction both kinds of food must be ready at breakfast time, and it often is so hard!"

Mrs. Small's comely face was puckered with an expression of anxiety as she spoke, and it was evident that the constant effort at pleasing the varied tastes of members of the household was telling on delicate nerves.

In a moment she began again: "Then as to furnishing in general—if china is to be bought for the table the girls want a certain style and color, and the boys think a different kind would be preferable. As I want my boys to grow up with refined definite ideas regarding matters pertainning to the home, I think it wise and best to consult them as well as the girls. If only they would sometimes agree it would make it so much easier. Yet it would be nothing short of despotism to insist on their all thinking alike."

"You couldn't make them do it," said Mrs. Barker,

"Fortunately Mr. Small is satisfied with what pleases the majority," Mrs Small went on, "or I believe I should give up in despair."

"And where do you and your preferences come in?" asked Mrs. Baker.

Oh, I sacrifice all personal choice in my desire to have the children suited. As I said before with reference to Mr. Small's acquiescence, if I had also myself to contend with I believe I should go crazy."

"I think I should, as it is," Mrs. Baker quietly remarked.

Mrs Small looked at her neighbour in surprise. Suddenly she noted the calm, unperturbed expression on her face, something habitual with her. It flashed into her mind that Mrs. Baker never seemed flustered or excited. Yet the families were equally large, Mrs. Baker's children certainly as well dressed as the Small children, and must be equally well fed.

"You say you would be crazy, as it is, if you were me?" half gasped Mrs. Small.

"Yes, I certainly think I should."

"But why? How can you do differently? I know very well you try to please your contented, happy looking children."

"I certainly do, but not all st once."

"How can you manage to make matters comfortable and acceptable to all?"

Mrs. Bakes began slowly and thoughtfully, intent evidently on expressing herself clearly and somewhat at length. Her placid face flushed a little as she spoke.

"I never would make the mistake, if I could help it, of sacrificing my health, my nerves and my matronly as well as my motherly rights by undue exertion and anxiety in striving to reconcile and equalize the special tastes of a large family. It is great injustice to oneself to make the attempt, and a mistake so far as members of the family is concerned. Tnink of the selfishness of expecting to have morning after morning exactly what one happens to prefer. The same conditions exist in my family as in yours. Two like graham gems, two others prefer corn meal. Two want potatoes backed, two would choose having them boiled, and Mr. Baker and I would prefer them creamed every time. These things being so, all are suited in turn. Never all at once. If on 'graham gems morning' those who like corn meal better can't bring their minds to eat what is provided they can have cold bread or they can go without."

Mrs. Baker shook with laughter a moment as she added: "This is a choice of three courses to consider; I'm sure any reasonable person ought to becontented with that. Then, one morning the potatoes are baked, and the next one boiled, and the third morning they are creamed. I wouldn't pamper my children to a degree, teaching them the inconsiderateness of ignoring the preference of their parents. This is the way I manage as to the provisions of the table."

"But don't they rebel at such regulations?"

"Never; it's what they've been trained to. It wouldn't do any good if they did rebel or object. They could simply keep on rebelling."

"I should be afraid it might make them discontented."

"Are you quite contented? Is it altogether fair that your health and strength should be used up as they are being used up? I am really very glad to present this side of the question. As to household furnishings, I get the opinions of the children on those subjects, as I think it kinder to appear to consult them, then I go ahead coolly and get what I think most apropriate Several times I have been greatly amused at noticing that either the children think I've gratified the taste of each or else they are satisfied that I am so pleased with my own choice. You and I are mistresses of our own households. We are rightfully the ones to say what must and what must not be provided, and the others should be expected to acquiesce with what our judgement prompts us to do."

Mrs. Small looked mystified at so simple a solution of vexing efforts that were wrinkling her brow and trying her heart. No more was said then about the domestic affairs, and the conversation drifted to other topics.

Six months later it was Mrs. Small who was "out calling" and seated in Mrs. Baker's parlor. "I must tell you,', she said after a while, "that with determination and yet in the kindliest spirit, I adopted your method of serving my household by meeting their tastes in turn as to the table. In other affairs I made independent choice, thinking it best to getwhat was most judicious."

"And did it work?"

"Admirably! Not at first, however. Their was demurring and a kind of hurt, injured feeling when personal tastes were not ignorea, but not allowed to tire me out any longer. Now all is serene and so comfortable!"

"It's a great mistake," she added, "for any housekeeper to forget her own due consideration in considering others."—Exchange.

A towering rage is not elevating in appearance.

A temperance lecture should be full of dry wit.

No one can clearly see his rights who is blind to his duties.

It is better to be a stumblihg block-head than a stumbling-block.

You can never find contentment if your idea of plenty is not reasonable.

The Coming Man

Say, boys, did you ever stop to think
That we are the coming men?
That we've only a few short years to prepare
Ourselves for work, and then
The fate of the world will rest in the hands
Of those who are boys to-day?
I tell you that it makes a fellow feel
He wants to be armed for the fray!
We cannot afford to hamper ourselves
With habits that work us harm;
We need to he true of head and heart,
With a steady, strong right arm;
We need to be men—real, honest men;
With love of life and its joys,
But ever ready to stand for the right;
And in order to do that, boys,
We've got to begin right now, or else—
No, I'm not "Preacher Ben,"
But don't let us forget in our work or our play
That we are the coming men!

—Exchange.

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WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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Thursday, March 21, 1912

"BUY THE TRUTH AND SELL IT NOT."

How history repeats its self. David "said in his haste, all men are liars," but a wily Scotchman in commenting on this passage, said "gin Dauvid had been leevin now, he might ha' said it at his leesure." Truth in these days seems to have become merchantable, and the old saying "every man has his price." While over stated seems to be often at-least true.

How we do love inflexible truth. How we honor a man that will "swear to his own hurt," and who cannot be swerved from the truth by either threat or bribe.

We never see a political trial of any kind that we do not see how important a part inflexible truth would play in it. We never see an important jury trial that we do not see the value of getting at, just the truth, and how hard it is to get it.

We often pay for the truth by bitter experience, and therefore we can the more readily see, the value of the injunction "buy the truth and sell it not." There is not so much truth in the world that any honest man can afford to sell any part of it he may have. Let us strive to be honest and truthful in all our dealings between man and man, and thus help on the coming of the day when "every man shall speak the truth with his neighbour."

GREED THE FATHER OF THE STRIKE.

Think of it, over one million of men involqed in a strike in Great Britain alone. This strike began with the coal miners and has gone on and on until manyother trades are involved and there is many a man who has thrown down his tools and quit work who does not know where his next days food for self and family will come from. In every quarrel of this kind, both sides are in the wrong, but outsiders who have no pecuniary interest in the dividends from coal mining are in sympathy with the toiling miner who spends half of his life delving in the dark, that Machinary, Comfort, Luxury, may have coal; and for such toil, he has (as a rule) been poorly paid, and has lived a life the miner owned would not undertake for a kings ransom.

The mine owner is frequently, in England, an alien, who dwells in some more favored part of his own, or some other land, and is only interested in the dividends from mining. Those dividends must come regularly and that they may be large, the pay roll must be cut to the minimum. Hence we see, the labor that fetches up the coal from the bowels of the earth, at war with the men who own the mine, and greed is the great power behind it all.

Ah! "Wad some power the gift to gi us,
To see oursels as others see us.
It wad fra mony a blunder free us."

No one knew better than old Bobby Burns the sorrows and struggles of the laboring man, and he gave some heathy blows to greed. The only remedy we know of for the strike is the Gospel.

When men who own vast wealth' and stand behind great enterprises that furnish employment to thousands of men and women, realize that they are only stewards, and "the laborer is worthy of his hire" in a liberal sense; then we shall see, the strike disappear, and mine owner, mine worker, machinest and corporation, all working as intimate parts of a harmonious whole: all will share fairly, in the joint profit of labor and capital.

WHISKY THE GREAT CRIME BREEDER.

We have just read of a dreadful carnival of crime at Hillsville Virginia, the Judge of the court, sheriff, states attorney and one juryman being killed out right; while other juryman were shot. It seems that the Allen brothers had just been found guilty of distilling Crooked Whisky, and their vindictive hate caused their attempt to blot out the whole court, including the jury that tried them.

After killing Judge Massie, Attorney William Foster, Sheriff Lewis Webb and fatally wounding Juryman J. H. Blankenship, these desperadoes left the Courthouse and made their escape. How long will a law abiding people suffer such murderers to to live?

How long will good people consent to be terrorized by men who, defying all law, are willing for the sake of money, to destroy the homes, the bodies, the souls of man. And yet, their are men who claim to be good citizens, who will argue for high license, and want to legalize this traffic in human souls.

There is not an honest Judge on the bench in the United States, that will not tell you, that the whiskey still is at the bottom of ninety per-cent of the crime that is tried and punish in his court.

The men killed in this desperate attack or law and order, were worth each of them, a hundred of the moonshiners that butchered them. The lines are being closely drawn in Virginia, and the day is coming when there will be but one side for all, good citizens, and that is the side of sobriety and that means the downfall of the whisky still.

THE WOMAM'S SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

Woman's Suffrage Strikes us as an effort on the part of some women of brains and brass, to upset God's law of sex, and to invest woman with certain rights and so called privileges, that will revolutionize Home-life and Social order.

God created woman as the home builder and mother of the race. And endowed her with certain physcial ond mental powers that fit her for just th's mission in life.

Upon the plea of protecting property rights and using her mental powers to advance Social Reforms of all sorts: there are some very good women in many respects, that are endorsing and advocating Woman Suffrage and demanding such, legislation on the part of the men as shall virtually unsex good mothers, wives and daughters.

We never see a woman on a public platform spouting high-sounding-words to a mixed audience that we do not feel sorry for the spoiling of a queen of the home.

We never see a sign, "Mrs so and so attorney at law," that we do not commiserate some home of neglected children.

The God-given sphere of woman is in the home and social life, and when she comes down from her exalted place, to struggle with men for political rights and demands that she shall be accorded the places of a man. She is driving nails into the coffin of a good mother and home builder.

To show the true animus of the women that are leading this movement, just read the accounts in our daily papers of what that woman's mob has been doing in London. Breaking the windows of merchants, destroying the property of men by the thousands, to force men to give such a gang, the right to vote. Had they been men thes e lawless acts would have disfranchised, them, and are such creatures as these to be entrusted with the ballot?

Nay verily! it is by such lawleness that these women are demonstrating the unwisdom of any legislation that shall unsex them, and take them away from the homes that are suffering while they riot in the streets and are struggling with men at the ballot box.

Thoughts For The Quiet Hour

Happiness does not depend on money, or leasure, or society, or even on health: it depends on our relation to those we love.

"Silence is the ambrosial night in the intercourse of friends, in which their sincerity is recruited and takes deeper root. The language of friends is not words, but meanings. It is an intelligence above language."

THOREAU.

"The love for one, from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing."

J. R. LOWELL.

"Nothing so much shows a human being is in moral advancement as the quality of his love."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"He that is choice of his time will be choice of his company, and of his actions."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

"Misunderstandings and neglect cause more mischief in the world than even malice and wicked ness."

F. W. ROBERTSON.

"Sweet Friends;
Man's love ascends
To finer and divinerc ends
Than mans mere thoughts
e'er comphrehends."

SIDNEY LANIER.

"Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame;
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the very structure fall,
Dissolve and vanish, take thyself no shame—
They fail and they alone who have not striven."

T. B. ALDRICH.

"Carry the Sunshine with you into the sick room of your patient, and you will leave it there when you depart."

RUBEN LUDLAM.

"Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done."

Men and Things.

So we really have another Pole and the honor of finding it goes to Norway; Captain Roald Amundsen having discovered the locality of the South Pole, with his little steamer, "the Fram," on Dec. the 14th 1911.

All honor to this hardy Norseman who braved a far colder than Norwegian climate to locate the Southern pole of our earth. It may not be of much scientific value, but it lays a ghost that has haunted our navigators for over a hundred years. We now know just about where the Northern and Southern ends of our earth are.

The war in China still rages, and from Peking we learn that anarchy and famine are stalking through the country like a destroying angel.

It is hard to prophesy the final outcome, but we are hoping to see order restored, and this chaotic state of things banished; for with the worst passions of four hundred millions of people aroused the consequences of a long struggle would be appalling.

Whether the masses of the Chinese nation are ready for

Continued on page three.

Thrust down among the conflicting motives of life a bigger motive—seek ye first the kingdom.—G. Ernest Darlaston.

The Taming of Johnson's Nellie.

A true story by Dora E. Nelson.

I was prospecting for a railroad out in Montana, and as the last place where civilization ended was a little mining town, I found it necessary to purchase a horse in order to pursue my journey through the remaining wild and unexplored country. Being a tenderfoot and unused to the ways of ihe horse traders I sought out one of those gentry as a person most likely to have what I required.

"Certainly," said Johnson, the horse trader, "I think I've got just the best for you, and if you'll come around in a couple of hours I'll show her to you."

Accordingly I presented myself and was shown a large animal with a general air of uncared-for-ness, but with long rangy limbs that promised not only speed but endurance. Her flanks were wet with sweat and were heaving, Upon my remarking this, Johnson explained by saying that the horse had been having some hard exercise. In the light of what I found out later I havn't a doubt but that Johnson told the truth. I also noticed that the horse was blind in her right eye, a fact which Johnson did not explain. A price was hit upon and I mounted and rode over to the hotel with which a livery stable was connected.

The proprietor was sitting on the piazza as I rode up. Upon seeing me his eyes fairly bulged. Johnson's Nellie, and ridin' her without a curb bit! Don't you know she'll kill you?"

"I haven't noticed any signs of viciousness," I said calmly.

Whereat the hotel keeper broke out into a big guffaw. "I reckon you haven't. Look at her wet flanks. Johnson took all the Aim out of her before he ever let you see her, and look at the mark of the rope around her neck. He half choked the life out of her before he could put bit or saddle on her. Just wait until tomorrow morning—it'll be as much as the life of one of my men is worth to go in the stable with her."

"In that case, perhaps I'd better feed and care for her myself," I said, dismounting.

"Well, you're welcome," said the proprietor, adding, "I advise you to buy a quirt and a curbbit and a new pair of spurs, if you expect to ride Johnson's Nellie." The sarcastic emphasis with which he said this showed his doubt.

The next morning I opened the stable door and went straight up to the horse. She stood stock-still and looked at me. It actually seemed as though she was surprised to see that I showed no fear of her. I took out an apple and offered it to her. She sniffed at it, then drew back suspiciously and snorted. I laid the apple in her manger and went on to get the grain for her, and when I came back she was eating the apple. The second day I brought her an apple and she ate it out of my hand. She quivered though when I attemped to stroke her nose. The third day I let her out into the lot. She cleared the stable gate at a bound, then wheeled and looked at me with her one good eye with the most questioning look I ever saw in the eye of any animal. But if she expected that I was going to choke her into submission she was agreeably surprized, and after a little she gained confidence and ran all around the lot kicking up her heels—she was beginning to feel her oats—and after a while she trotted quietly back into the stable. I walked boldly in beside her and began to use the currycomb and brush on her rough hair, but how she did flinch when I began on the blind side; It took a week before she would let me put a saddle on her. I began easy, letting it down on her back so as not to startle her. Next day I laid in supplies, saddled Nellie and rode around to the hotel steps.

So astonished was the proprietor that he jumped up, almost upsetting his chair. "Man alive, you're not going to ride that beast without a curb-bit? And where are your spurs and your quirt?"

"I shall never use them on her," I said.

"Well, she'll kill you, that's all. And another thing. If you ride that horse up into the mountains, she'll leave you the first chance she gets. I tell you she's got the worst reputation of any horse in this country.

"That's because she has not been treated right. I don't think she is a vicious beast, do I think she will leave me. Look here." I dismounted and

Continued on page three

Valuable Real Estate For Sale

GOOD TWO-STORY RESIDENCE on large roomy lot; best residence street in Mooresville, close to center of town.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE LOT 79 X 240 ft., three blocks from center of town, good residence section, very desirable. If interested write for particulars.

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How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

Our Club Rates.

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Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

Our Baby

I am a little boy almost five years old, I am the baby, because I am tne youngest child in the home, my father died before I was born. I have two sisters and one brother all are here in the Home; two of our Uncle's brought us here last Oct. from Lowell, Lincoln, Co. near Castania Grove church. We like to stay here, I have a fine time playing with the little boys. There are six others that are too small to go to school. I thank the kind friend for the dollar sent the youngest child in the Home and am glad I am that one. Our matron is going to get us a little spring wagon with my money, but she is going to get some more money and get a good one.

Sidney Eddleman.

We are enjoying a visit from one of our old girls Hettie Murray, who has been teaching up at Plum Tree the past winter. Hettie is one of the girls of whom we are proud, and she is always welcome at Barium.

Mr. Clyde L. Rudy of Petersburg Va., has accepted the position of printer at Barium and entered on his duties on last Tuesday the 19th.

He has had ten years experience in printing and we are looking forward to some good work along that line at Barium. We expect to get the printing office in good shape and with a better outfit, will be able to do a good deal of job work in a limited way for our churches Sunday schools and preachers.

We have received Press Bulletin No. 61 of "the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey," in which Hugh McRae discusses in an informing way "the Stock law and Forest Protection." Our people should read such valuable articles and put them to good use.

A walk through our orchard was a source of great pleasure for we found everything in "apple pie order." The trees are neatly trimmed the suckers cut away and twigs that were taken away were burned. Our pears are full of buds, and should no late frost come and sweep the promise away we shall have an abundance of fruit this season.

Our rye patch is as green as the Emerald Isle and high enough to hide a rabbit. A little later, our dairy herd will be smiling over a luscious bate of green rye, and the milk will take on a butter-cup hue.

Speaking of the dairy we would tell our friends we have five fresh cows, with beautiful calves and the supply of milk will soon be greatly increased.

The storm last week washed great gullies on the edge of one of our fields and it will take some hard work to stop the washed places and repair the damage. But our boys are equal to it, and they will soon put a smooth surface on things torn up by the storm.

Some damage was done to our sceptic tank by the heavy rains but the damage can easily be repaired.

The final work on our power line is being done this week and the electricians will be busy getting the burners in place, so the electric lights are not far away.

Our onion patch is coming, it only needs a little sunshine now, and the Spring onions will be here. Some who don't like to smell onions will be sorry, but they smell like Spring anyway, don't they?

Our maples are threatening to risk it and bloom; we hope our vegitation will exercise a little patience, and not be tempted out by a few bright days; only to get a nip by Jack Frost.

One of our girls, Ella Mayhew, was called home last week by the illness and death of her sister. She only spent one day, returning on Wednesday,

The Publicity Committee of "The Presbyterian Orphans Home met at the Central Hotel in Charlotte on Tuesday the 9th instant. present, Rev. W. R. Minter of Lincolnton, chairman: Hon. A. M. Scales, Rev. W T. Walker and Wm. Laurie Hill. The past, present, and prospective future of the Home was fully discussed, and plans were made for more publicity as to our needs; and our work, and it was determined, to make "Our Fatherless Ones" a Bureau of Information, and to give to the Church through its pages, the Information that is needed, to secure for us, the active interest and hearty support of all the churches. People are to be sought in every Presbytery, who will not only visit the Home, but tell through our Fatherless Ones their impressions as to the work we are doing. An effort will be made to have the Presidents of each Ladies Union in the Synod to visit us in a body, so that they can go home and arouse their people by informing them of what a valuable Institution we have here. Leaflets by Rev. Dr. W. R. Minter, Rev. Dr. C. M. Richards, Rev. W. T. Walker and others are to be printed and circulated bearing on our work in all its different phases. To get all this information at first hands our churches and Sunday schools must take Our Fatherless Ones and thus be so well informed as to give to the cause intelligently.

With thankful hearts we would announce that we have but one child in our Infirmary that is seriously sick and, she is being given careful attention, Georgie Vernon is her name and she is not a strong child at her best.

And right here we want to say a good word for Our Infirmary and its management. We have had a hard winter, and at one time every ward in the Infirmary was crowded with children more or less ill. Every child received as tender and careful attention as if his or her own mother had ministered to them, and the evidence of the truth of this assertion is in the fact, that all but one made good recovery. We do know better equipped Infirmaries, but we do not know a better managed Infirmary, or more attentive nurses and Doctor's in the State.

The Taming of Johnson's Nellie

Continued from page two.

flung the reins over Nellie,s neck. "Come on, old girl," I said to her. I went over to the store, and she trotted after me just like a dog, I bought a pound of loaf-sugar, gave her a few lumps, mounted and rode off. The last I saw of the proprietor, he was standing on the steps staring at me with his mouth and eyes wide open.

The first night I made camp I lariated Nellie out, but the grass was so scanty and the range so limited that she had very little to eat, and the next night I turned her loose. In the morning she came promptly at my call, I fed her some more sugar. The third night a fierce storm came up, and lightening flashed and the thunder- reverberated terrifically through the mountain defiles. I found shelter under some rocks, leading the horse as close as I could. She was only partly protected, however. and every time there was a flash she trembled all over as if about to break away. I reached out and patted her when the crashes came. At last I fell a sleep. It was broad day when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, Nellie was still standing as close to me as she could get, with her nose resting on my shoulder.

A gentleman who was becoming rather deaf was crossing over a railroad bridge just as a train underneath uttered a deafening whistle; "First robin I have heard this spring," murmured the old gentleman.

Boys Corn Clubs.

We are glad to give publicity to prize list of the North Carolina Boys Corn Club conducted by our State Department of Agriculture, and the Agricultural and Mechanical College.

We should be glad to see boys in every neighborhood taking up this work, and growing into thrifty farmers. Why not a corn club at Barium.

The North Carolina Boys' Corn Club, 1912. conducted by The United States Department Of Agriculture. The State Department Of Agriculture The State Agriculture And Mechanical College, Partial list of prizes State Prize Of A Free Trip To Washington, D. C. : To be awarded to the boy making the largest yield at the least cost per bushel.

District Cash Prizes, offered by the State Department of Agriculture. Five prizes in each district for the best yield at the least cost per bushel. First $15.00: Second $12.50: Third $10.00: Fourth $5.00: Fifth $2.50:

First District: Counties of Camden, Currituck, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Chowan, Washington, Tyrrell, Dare, Hyde, Beaufort, Pamlico,.

Second District: Counties of Gates, Hertford, Bertie, Martin, Northhampton, Halifax, Edgecombe, Wilson, and Warren.

Third District: Counties of Pitt, Green, Wayne, Lenoir, Craven, Jones, Carteret, Onslow, Duplin, and Pender.

Fourth District: Counties of Vance, Granville, Durham, Franklin, Nash, Johnston, Wake, Chatham, Lee.

Fifth District: Counties of Person, Orange, Caswell, Alamance, Rockingham, Guilford, Randolph, Stokes, Davidson.

Sixth District: Counties of New Hanover, Buruswick, Columbus, Bladen, Sampson, Robeson, Cumberland, Harnet, Hoke.

Seventh District: Counties of Scotland, Moore, Richmond, Montgomery, Anson, Stanley, Union, Cabarrus, Mecklenburg.

Eighth District: Counties of Surry, Alleghaney, Wilkes, Alexander, Ashe, Watauga, Caldwell, Burke, McDowell, Mitchell, Yancey, Avery.

Ninth district: Counties of Yadkin, Davie, Rowan, Iredell, Catawba, Lincoln, Gaston, Cleveland, Rutherford, Polk.

Tenth District: Counties of Madison, Buncombe, Henderson, Transylvania, Haywood, Jackson, Macon, Swain, Graham, Clay, Cherokee.

RULES.

1. All members must be under 18 yrs. of age Aug. 1, 1912.
2. Each boy must plant one acre of corn, (4840 sq. yds.) doing all the work himself, except that small boys may hire their land broken.
3. No member must use over $10 worth of commercial fertilizer.
4. Each member must keep a record of his work, amount of manure and fertilizer used and make out a report on the special blank which will be furnished him.
5. Each member must read the instructions sent him by the Department of Agriculture-

For further information or enrollment, address, I. O. Schaub, Special Agent in Extension. West Raleigh N. C.

CHINA

China's Strong Men

Something may be said for foreign missions when so many of the new men of infiuence in China are in such close relations with missionaries. Yuan-Shi-Kai is himself a Confucianist, but his children were educated by a London Missionary Society teacher and his four sons are now in the L. M. S. college at Tientsin, to which Yuan himself gave money for a building. Wong Chung, head of the great Chinese steel works at Hankow, is the son of a London Missionary Society pastor, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the organizer of revolution and gatherer of money for its equipment, was a student and took his doctor's degree in the L. M. S.'s medical school at Hongkong. Wu-Ting-Fang also, who holds the office of Foreign Secretery to the Republican party, was one of the first of the Chinese students to be sent to England some forty years ago. He is a nominal Christian. Was not missionary money well invested in these cases of Chinese education?

Lost By His Hands.

The boy in search of a job turned up at supper time at his sister's house, looking rather disconsolate.

"I didn't get nothing to do," he said shortly."

"I don't wonder if you used that kind of grammer," said his sister.

"That wasn't it; I had my company grammar all right, 'twas something else, and I'll tell Jim about it after supper. You'd spring the 'I told you so' game on me, and make me tired."

Jim was his brother-in-law, and had been a job-hunting boy himself not many years before. He was beckoned into the sitting room immediately after rising from the table. and once there the door was shut by his wife's youthful brother, who turned and said: I went to four-teen places to-day, Jim, and was turned down at every shot. I've read about such things in the Sunday school books and in the funny papers, but I thought it was all gab. The guys that I applied to didn't ask me if I lived with my mother; they didn't ask me if I wrote a good hand; they didn't ask me if I knew the city, and they didn't ask me nothing at all that I expected them to ask me. The first thing four of them says to me, 'Hold up your mitts,' while the others says' 'Please let us look at your hands,' There was one look and four of them says, 'Git,' and the rest say, polite-like, 'We don't think we require your service."

"What was the matter?" asked the sister's husband.

The boy held up the front-finger of his left hand, along the inner side of which a yellow stain show as far as the second knuckle. "That," he said simply.

"H'm," said the brother-in-law, "the boss of our shop won't allow any cigarette smoking either, but I didn't know things had gone as far as this. Why don't you quit?"

"I have. I quit last night. One of the guys that said, 'Git,' called me back just as I got to the elevator, and says, 'What makes you smoke cigarettes?' 'I don't, I says."

"There's some things worse than cigarette smokin',' he says.

"'I quit last nigh,' I told him. Then he grined a little and said I might not be such a liar after all, but it was a fact that Chicago men had quit hiring cigarette kids. Then he says, 'You're sure you quit last night, are you? Well, you come back in a week and show me your mitt."

"That stain'll wear away by that time, Jim, and I kinder think that feller'll give me a job."—Chicago Chronicle.

Men and Things

Continued from page two.

self government is a broblem and it can only be solved by a trial. Meanwhile the nationalities of Europe and the United States, are taking every precaution to protect the lives of the missionaries and commercial people of their respective countries and to that end are sending troops to guard the legations.

The writer predicted last year that there would soon be a renascence in literature and three eminent writers of the nineteenth century "would come to life again," in that there would be many new editions of their works, and such write-ups given them as they never had while living.

Those writers were Charles Dickens, W. M. Thackery and Sir Walter Scott, The Review of Reviews in an article called "The Loves of Charles Dickens," reproduces a recently discovered old painting which is wonderfully well conceived.

Dickens sits at his writing desk, and around him are many of his leading characters as his brain produced them. There is Sam Weller, Pickwick, Little Nell, Barnaby Rudge, Fagin, Oliver Twist, Quilp Micawber, and Bill Sikes. Characters that are as real to-day, as any real people that ever lived. Surely Dickens had no superior in his day, and his work will live on, as long as the English tongue is spoken.

Thackery will have his day and Sir Walter Scott will also claim the attention of a new generation, before our century is many years older.

"Not many things indifferently, but one thing supremely."

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The Corner for Smiles

An old Scotch lady was compelled to carry an ear-trumpet with her wherever she went. Upon visiting a small church in Scotland, not long ago, she was watched very suspiciously by the sexton until she reach her seat. Then, as if he could stand the suspicion no longer, he went over to her, and, shaking a warning finger emphatically, he said, "Madam—one toot, and you're oot."

Two Irishmen were comparing notes about politics, jobs, hard times, and the like, when Pat O'Rourke, a third one, joined in the discussion.

"Sure and I'm satisfied with things," said Pat. "I've a pache of a job."

"Is that so?" said the others. "And what might ye be doin'?"

"I'm pulling down the Episcopal church," replied Pat, "and I'm gettin, paid for it."

The Pennsylvania Dutch have the reputation of being very economical, and very careful in watching the details of domestic affairs, no matter how small.

"Heiny!" called the father.

"Vat?" answered the son.

"Run an' count dem geeses again, Heiny."

"All right."

Heiny went: Heiny returned.

"Heiny!" said the father.

"Vat?" said the son.

"Did you count dem geeses again, Heiny?"

"Chess."

"How many vas dey, Heiny?"

"Vun."

"Dat's right, Heiny."

The late Bishop Potter once had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village. The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his first-born daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of many eyes in the congregation. When the time for the baptism arrived, the Bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat legs pointed toward the front. "Turn her this way," he whispered. But the father was too disconcerted to her or unstand. "Turn her feet around," the Bishop whispered again. Still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner at the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hands to his mouth, he roared across the room: "Head her up into the wind, Jack." And she was headed.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by the German mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had been engaged to speak.

The mayor said:

"Ladies un shentlement, I haf been asked to indrotoose you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who vill make to you a speech, yes. I haf now done so; he vill now do so."

A Clever Thief

Friends gave us a cat, a great, fat, lazy, good-natured fellow, who soon became the pet of the entire household. He was well trained in his habits and had the freedom of the house, so it was long before we discovered his fondness and thievery of eggs

Coming into the kitchen late one evening we saw Sir Tom upon the table smelling an unopened bag of eggs which was standing there. Stepping back noiselessly we wached further actions. He cautiously tore the bag with his teeth and claws, stopping every little bit to listen. Finally the opening was large enough for him to get out an egg by gentle little pats.

Putting the egg in his mouth he jumped to the floor and began rolling it around, Pushing it first with one front paw and then the other he rolled it against the table leg. Several times he did this, till the force with which it struck broke the shell, when he satdown to enjoy his feast.

Thinking this act so clever, we have often left the eggs where Tom could get them but never have we known him to take more than one. Once he rolled the egg from the top of the table.

As he is a city cat, like his ancestors for generations back, we have wondered where he acquired the taste. M. W.

"The greatest coward is he who treats with cruelty a helpless living thing."

A Cat That Could Not Forget.

By Mary W. C. Field.

When a small child I was visiting my grand-mother who lived on a farm a few miles out of Boston. One morning a large, fine gray cat came in at the kitchen door and went directly to a plate of food under the kitchen table. I loved cats then, as I do, now and at once reached out for a friendly stroke of his handsome shiny coat. Instead of a soft purr he gave a harsh snarl of rage and a quick stroke of his sharp claws on my hand. Then he rushed out of the house. I ran crying to my grandmother, and she said. "Oh, I ought to have told you about Tom." I was angry as well as hurt, and said "He ought to be killed." Grandmother made no reply but tenderly bathed my wounded hand and wrapped it up in soft cloths and applied a soothing liniment then took me up in her arms and, while she rocked back and forth in her big chair, told me Tom's sad story.

When a small kitten he belonged to a neighbor who, wanting to be rid of him; asked the hired, man to kill him. He carried him out stroking his soft fur as he went. On next day Tom came back to the house evidently suffering from a severe blow but very much alive and full of fight. The neighbor had not the heart to order him again to be killed and my grandmother, hearing the story offered to take him. By some strategy he was brought to her house and recover ed rapidly from his bodily injury but he had forever lost all confidence in human beings. No love or coaxing could make him forget his awful experince. He was very useful in keeping rats and mice from the premises. He came regularly each day to the house for food, but no one could lay hands on him. When called "Kitty, Kitty," he would come and gaze for a moment at the one calling, but there was no friendly response in his big yellow eyes, and if no food was offered him he would hurry off.

After that story, told so tenderly by my grandmother I alway felt geat pity for poor Tom who could notforget. He lived many year and, when too feeble to come to the house, grandmother carried his food to the barn where he had a nice bed in the harness room, until he died of old age.

A Bid For The Mendacity Medal

Waxhaw Enterprise.

From The Moore County News comes the story of an interesting hawk and cat episode. It seems that out in styx among the white sands of Moore county where the sun shines exceedingly hot in fair weather a common house cat lay coiled up enjoying a peaceful nap after perhaps a night of feline revelry when an enormous hawk with hooked beak and rapacious talons fell like a thunder-bolt from a cloudless sky on this innocent midnight reveler, suddenly terminating the gentle slumber and carried his catship off in bondage. The owners of the cat witnessed in helpless anxiety this cruel abduction. The hawk speeded away with its prey, which it may have mistook for a rabbit intended as succor for its young. Now, a cat is a very valuable animal in Moore county and you never hear of people down there making a gracious gift of cats to their neighbors in the night time as they are sometimes wont to do here. So the lady of the house and the children were sorely perplexed and weighed down with sorrow over their great loss. Two hours later while they were beating their sides with great lamentations lo and behold the cat put in its appearance and as an evidence of its prowess it brought the hawk back with it. On examination the cat from all appearances was uninjured.

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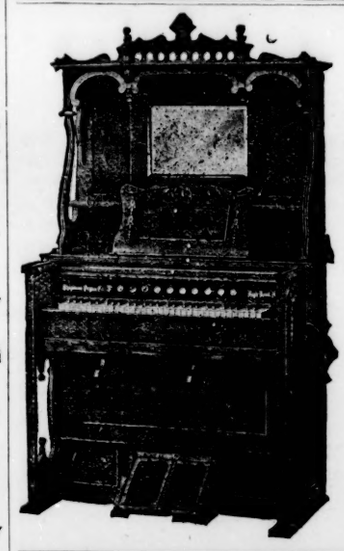

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